CONCERT IN BAD TASTE

The Choralities of MIT
March 11, 11:30 am-11:20 PM
By Bill Jackson

Last Saturday, the Choralities of MIT once again assaulted the sensibilities of all who dared come into 10-250 to see their annual "Concert in Bad Taste." For one night each year, the Choralities announce a moratorium on sensitivity and go out of their way to offend everyone. No target is spared, and every subject is treated with equal contempt and wit. This year's show was the finest in quite some time.

This year's cast of characters was wonderful. "Marnia Bratty," "Kamerade B," "Little Red Riding Win." "Wednesday Adams," and "Marge Simpson" made up the Bad Taste identities of various members of the group. Before they could begin singing, one Choralate shouted, "Wait a minute, who's Waldo?" After a moment's search, "Waldo" Choralary shouted, "Wait a minute, where's the tech guy?" The last cast member was Waldo.

Opening with a variation on "The Puppet Show Theme," the Choralities launched into their favorite topic - sex. "It's time to get the condoms to prevent disease tonight," was a typical refrain. Next came a song about the "Concert in Bad Taste." The Mr. Rogers sketch began like any "Mister Rogers Show," with Mr. Rogers taking off his sweater and shoes. In the background, however, "children" were being taught sexual practices. "Mister Rogers Show," with Mr. Rogers taking off his sweater and shoes. In the background, however, "children" were being taught sexual practices.

The "advertisements" within the show were also excellent. One was for the talk line 1-900-TECH-SEX, "Real live women -..."

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MAREK ZEBROWSKI

T he two most important musical events of recent weeks were the BSO's Symphony Hall performance of Tchaikovsky's "Serenade for Strings" and pianist Marek Zebrowski's recital at Harvard's Sanders Theatre.

Marek Zebrowski was challenged with the task of being a musically pure audience and he met that challenge brilliantly. His performance was of such a caliber that he deserves to be ranked with the astounding Krystian Zimerman.

Style distinguished Zebrowski. Although one can listen to Zimerman or Horowitz and be impressed with the technically astounds of their performance, it is the interpretation of the music with which

Marek Zebrowski is no mere stunning virtuoso, but a significantly individual musical entity. His very silence spoke volume; every gesture smote the mind with its genuine grace and passion. And for all his technique, Zebrowski sustained the new aesthetic in musical appreciation. He performed with an unfailing style, obvious of the American Old World-New World schizophrenia which seems to stink in major concerts some performances by the New York and Chicago Philharmonics. His playing was limonious and expensive, growing in vision and breadth of mind with each composition. Opportunities for applause-seeking or satisfaction of the ego were not absent. Yet he managed to flood the auditorium with dynamic strength, nearly leaving the piano by bar - it was musical pornography.

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